K

The Lovers Dreame:

Who ſleeping, thought he did imbrace his Love,
Which when he wak'd, did no ſuch matter prove;
Yet afterwards her Love he did enjoy,
By ſending a Letter by a truſty young Boy.

BRITISH MUSEUM

85.

To the tune of, I laid me downe to ſleepe.

AS I was walking all alone,
and muſing in my minde,
With many a ſigh and grone,
I ſtudied how to find,
Some dainty pleaſant Theame,
to write unto my Love,
And I fell in a dreame,
and marke how it did prove.

I laid me downe to ſléepe,
thinking my Love lay by,
But when I did awake,
my dreame it prov'd a lye:
I ſweat, and I am cold,
I fréeze, and am a fire;
I ſée, and cannot behold
the thing that I moſt deſire.

Thus dreaming as I lay,
me thought ſhe ſmil'd on me,
Which did increaſe my joy,
ſuch happineſſe to ſée:
I ſpake unto my Love,
and ſhe did anſwer make:
But ſo it did not prove,
when as I did awake.

Me thought I ſaw my Love,
and with her I did ſtray,
Yard by a pleaſant Grove,
where we a while did ſtay.
But time that ſwift doth goe,
did run too ſuddenly:
O time why didſt thou ſo?
thou mad'ſt my Love to cry:

But when I ſaw her eyes,
bedew'd with brinish teares,
Then I did ſoone ſurmiſe
her heart was ſtruck with feares.
And I did ſoone require
ſome reaſon for to know:
Her anſwer did admire
my heart with joy and woe.

Quoth ſhe, I love thee deare,
yet ſo I dare not ſay,
Becauſe I live in feare
of my true Loves decay:
My Father he is rich,
and I his onely Heire,
And he at me will grutch,
to wed on's poore and bare.

Me thought I anſwer made,
that I was yong and faire,
And having Art and Trade,
I bade her not take care.
With that me thought ſhe ſmil'd,
and to me ſhe did ſay;
My Love be reconcil'd,
and Ile be thine for aye.

My mind was thus imploy'd,
and yet I nothing do;
I thought I'd got a Bride,
but yet it was not ſo:
Me thought I had my will,
according to my mind,
But I do want it ſtill,
my Love proves not ſo kind.

45. 6. 28. 215

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The second Part, 140 To the same Tune.

THus sleeping still I lay,
betwixt hope and despaire;
Wat at the breake of day,
Then began my care:
When as I did awake,
and found it nothing so,
Then for my true Loves sake,
I did lament with woe.

I cannot come my Love,
to the place where thou art;
But I will write to thee,
if thou wilt take my part,
The complaint of my poore heart,
receive it as you will:
My Love may ease my smart,
or she my heart may kill.

My heart is not mine owne,
nor I at liberty:
All joyes are from me gone,
alacke what remedy.
I would I were in place,
where my true Love doth rest,
And then I would imbrace,
the joyes that I like best.

Would Jove would pleased be,
for to transforme my shape,
That I unknowne may see
my Love, and so escape:
And yet I would be seene
of her, and none but she:
And thus I would begin,
Faire Lady, pitie me.

But some perchance may say,
that I my Love would fright,
To those I answer, Nay,
she is my hearts delight:
Although I wish to change,
my selfe in some mans hue,
Yet I would not seeme strange,
unto my Lover true.

And if I find her coy,
and grieved with veration,
Yet I with her will play,
to gaine my expectation.
Then happily she will
consider of my woe:
Thus I will use my skill,
and glad to please her so.

I would I had some Page,
that would to me be true,
In haste to run a voyage,
that my true Love may view
This Letter of my griefe,
and send me some reply:
If she yeeld no reliefe,
alacke, then must I die.

Then straight a Page he sent
unto her hastily:
At whose returne content
was brought him speedily.
When his true Love did view,
his writing in such kind:
Quoth she I will be true,
and so my Loue shall find.

O haste, thou little Page,
make haste unto my Love,
That death may cease his rage,
and joyes may sorrowes move:
And I my selfe will come,
before the breake of day,
When darknesse is begun,
then Ile steale hence away.

My Father must not know,
what you about to come:
For if he should be so,
my Love were quite undone.
Therefore make haste againe,
and save my true Loves life:
I will release his paine,
and prove his loving wife.

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